The Origin of Plum Pudding

By Frank Hudson

Illustrated by
Gordon Browne.

THE ORIGIN OF PLUM PUDDING

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The Origin of Plum Pudding

WITH

Other Fairy Tales

AND

A Little Burletta

(FOR LITTLE PEOPLE AND BIG)

BY

FRANK HUDSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE

REPRODUCED BY EDMUND EVANS

LONDON

WARD AND DOWNEY, PUBLISHERS

12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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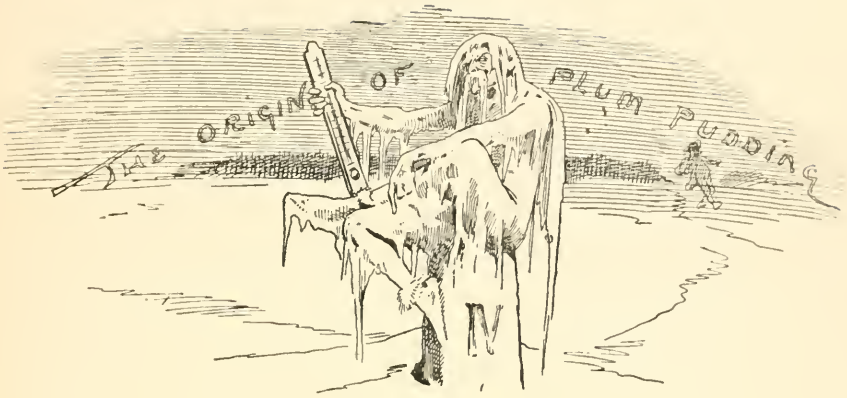


CHAPTER I.

JACK FROST HAS A HIGH OLD TIME.

It certainly was a very seasonable sort of Christmas season all over Nojokeborough and the surrounding country. On Christmas Eve particularly—which is the date on which our story opens—the snow lay the thickness of a foot, wherever it could get a footing. And Frost! Don't mention it! Why, the members of the London Celebrated Comedy and Burlesque Company, which were playing to enormously empty houses at the Theatre Royal, Nojokeborough, declared, one and all, that they never experienced such a Frost before.

Yes, Jack Frost was having a high old time of it. He knew his reign would be, as usual, a short one, with a sudden ending,

so he had made the most of his opportunities. About eight o'clock this Christmas Eve, he sat on a milestone, in the glittering moonlight—the moonlight *does* glitter, wherever it *falls*, in frosty weather.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed. "What a jolly game I've had, to be sure! I have now frozen everything freezable, from the Widow Noggin's butter to the river Snake. Ho! ho! ho! and the town pump in yonder Nojokeborough—ha! ha! ha! won't the old blockheads of Commissioners be slated by the local paper, for neglecting to have the pump bound with straw! that's real sugar to think of—ha! ha! ha!" And Jack nearly fell off the top of the milestone, he shook so much with laughter. His delight at all the mischief he had done was so intense that he actually broke into the following song, which had a very frosty air:—

"From the jolly cold North—
Far—far away,
Where King Snow holds his Court,
Every week day,
I have come, I have come,
With invisible wand,
To freeze every streamlet, and river, and pond.
And the children all shout
(When from school they come out),
'Ho! the water's all frozen,
Jack Frost is about!'

'And you'll find, as a rule,
That my wand is the tool
To make all things makeable nice and cool——"

Suddenly he stopped, and bent his head in the act of listening. "Ho! ho!" he cried; "I know that distant and very undecided footstep; it is Tim Blink, the Tinker. He has stopped too long at the *Two Tumblers* on his way home from market. Ha! ha! Tim Blink, your wits are astray to-night, and I'll have some fun with you, or my name's not Jack Frost."

With this he jumped off the milestone, and hurried away.

CHAPTER II.

THE FORD AND THE FALL.

On came Tim Blink, very slowly, and not without demonstrating several problems in Euclid all over the road, for, as Jack Frost said, he had remained too long at the *Two Tumblers*, and besides, he was handicapped with various items. For instance, both his hands were occupied in clutching the ends of a canvas sack, which was slung across his shoulders, and which contained two pounds of flour, also packets of sugar, currants, raisins, and a dozen of eggs (a Christmas present from his grocer), as was also a bottle of port (for Mrs. Blink), and a bottle of brandy, each of which stuck out its neck from the side pockets of his coat. Lastly, under his left arm he carried a gammon of bacon.

So you see he wasn't let off in the matter of weight. It had always been the custom for Tim to do the marketing, as he, by selling his pots, kettles, and pans, at the same time, killed two birds with the one journey.

When he came to the milestone he leant against it as he lit his pipe. Looking up at the sky he exclaimed,—

"Curioush, two moons out to-night. Summat's gone wrong in the sky. Never saw th' like before." And shouldering the sack he resumed his journey. On he went until he reached Summer Ford, on the river Snake. It was called Summer Ford because it was easy to cross it in the Summer time, but was too deep (except for horsemen) in Winter.

"Now, lookisth that!" cried Tim,—though who it was he wanted to look I really cannot conjecture. "Now, will you jush lookisth that?" he continued; "if it wor on'y the Summer time I could crosh thish yer ford, and be home in a jiffy; but it ain't Summer, and I mush walk another two milsh to the bridge."

Here a bright idea seemed to strike him. Was not the ford frozen over? Of course it was. Why should he not cross it? Why indeed? On to the ice he went, boldly.

"Oh! thish is all right," he cried. "Thish here is what I calls good business! Thish here is——"

Here he slipped and fell with a CRASH! The ice gave way, and in another second he was the deepest thinker—no, *Tinker*—you ever heard of, while the mocking laugh of Jack Frost—(the scamp!)—echoed across the ice.

CHAPTER III.

HOME AT LAST.

TIM managed to crawl out of the hole, and get on to the opposite bank, where he sat down shivering like a dead leaf on a silver beech, while his teeth chattered just like a telegraph machine sending away a description of a fugitive forger.

He still held the sack. What a conglomerate mass the eggs, flour, sugar, currants and raisins must have been in! But the bacon was gone, as was also the bottle of port. The bottle of brandy still stuck from his pocket, minus the top of its neck, which was smashed clean across. Tim took it from his pocket, and swallowed a mouthful of its raw fluid. It seemed to warm him for the time being.

"Well, 'ere's a go!" he observed. "Bacon an' port wine gone, an' sack wet through an' through! Oh, my! what'll the missus say?"

Having partaken of another gulp of brandy, he forthwith made the best of his way homeward, stopping here and there to have another pull at the bottle. Indeed, so much of the brandy did he drink, that he soon became quite foolish again, and actually emptied some of the liquor into the sack, "to keep it warm."

All this time Mrs. Blink was wondering what was keeping her husband so late, as she sat by the fire (over which a big pot, filled with water, hung), in the little kitchen and sitting-room combined. The old Dutch clock ticked away minute after minute, yet no appearance of Tim. At last, just as the clock struck eleven, Tim entered, and promptly fell on the floor before the fireplace.

"Oh! you wretch!" cried his wife. "What have you been doing? Just look at the sack!"

"I shee two sacks!" cried Tim from the floor.

"You brute! You have fallen into the Snake! And where is my gammon of bacon?"

"Gammon's at the bottom of river, m'dear!" answered Tim.

"What?"

"Fact—no gammon!" cried Tim, settling himself for a good sleep.

Whereupon poor Mrs. Blink went off crying to bed.

Tim slept for about half-an-hour, and then, feeling thirsty, he awoke. The first thing his eyes fell upon was the sack.

"Yes, *you* are the cause of all this!" he cried, seizing the unconscious sack; "but for you I would have had hands to hold the bacon. Away with you!" And he flung the unfortunate sack from him—and where do you think it fell, but into the pot! In another few minutes Tim was in bed asleep, and the kitchen and sitting-room combined deserted.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAIRIES HAVE A LOOK IN.

BUT not for long. The little Dutch clock had scarcely struck the last stroke of midnight when two fairies entered quite coolly. (Think of the weather!) They were not the common garden class of fairy (*Fairy vulgarus*), oh, dear no! nothing of the sort. Both were descended from a long line of Christmas fairies, who sought refuge, during the Cromwellwealth, in the woods adjacent to Nojokeborough, and were held in very great respect by all the fairies in the county. They were very beautiful to gaze upon, for their forms were most graceful, their waists trim and neat, while two-and-a-half was the size of their feet. Their eyes they were azure, their tresses were gold, they belonged to the fairies who never grow old. They could sing if they liked, and could dance when they cared to ; and the age of the eldest I'd tell if I dared to.

"Well, here we are, and now what are we going to do for poor Dame Blink?" asked the second youngest fairy. "She is always good and kind, and feeds our little servants the robins all through the Winter. We must not let her, or her husband either, go without a Christmas dinner."

"I should think not!" answered the first youngest fairy.

"I don't know what to give them, or what they would like," said the second youngest fairy. "Do you know of anything?"

"No, but wait until Father Christmas comes; he is a racey old fellow, and generally happens to know something."

At this moment Father Christmas entered. What a jolly old chap, to be sure, with his frosty beard, his twinkling eyes, and his red, red nose!

"Well, what's the game? what's the game?" he asked cheerily.

Whereupon the fairies stated their want, the second youngest adding, "And that little wretch, Jack Frost, actually laughed, when poor Tim lost his bacon, and spoiled his flour and sugar."

"Oh! he laughed, did he?" cried Father Christmas. "Well then, just for that I will give Tim and his wife a SCRUMPTIOUS DINNER to-morrow!"

"No!" cried both the fairies together.

"Do you see that pot boiling there?" continued Father Christmas. "In that pot are now boiling various ingredients. Thus do I wave my stick over them, and cause them to mingle together in one solid round mass." (Here he waved his stick over the pot.) "To-morrow morning Tim Blink will discover a dish which will become famous evermore. Now let us away."

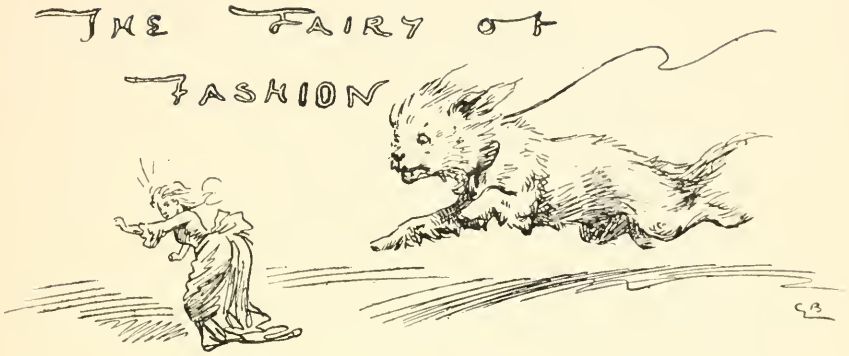
And all awayed.

* * * * * * *

Next morning Tim, feeling very miserable, got up rather early, and after a hasty toilet wandered into the kitchen and

sitting-room combined, and was immediately made conscious of a very peculiar, original, and delicious odour pervading the room. The fire was almost out, but the steam still came from the pot. Going to said pot, Tim found that the delicious odour proceeded from IT. Seizing the sack, he lifted it from the water, and carried it to a dish on the table, upon which he immediately emptied its contents—a big round Pudding. Oh! what an odour *then* filled the kitchen and sitting-room combined. He hastened and told his wife the good news, and the result was that in another fifteen minutes two people might be seen seated at table with a steaming pudding before their delighted gaze. Did they enjoy it? What do you think? Was it not the first Plum Pudding ever invented?

THE FAIRY OF FASHION



CHAPTER I.

HER WISH.

CHRISTALINA was Maid of Honour to the Fairy Queen, and a great Court beauty into the bargain ; indeed it was whispered—— But this is not a Society Journal, though to be sure, there is sometimes an average amount of Truth in what the World says about the goings on in Vanity Fair.

The Fairy Court Circle was situated deep in the heart of a wooden Glen, almost impassable to mortals by day, and wholly so by night. Of course there was, as is usual in such cases, a secret path through the wood, well known to everybody—but that is a matter of detail. Christalina was famous for her beauty throughout the fairy world, and engravings of her face, on wood, by fairy artists, adorned many a tree, while goblins wove her features in their famous tapestries. Even the moonlight loved to

linger round her, and used regularly to steal through the branches of the trees to have a peep at her as she lay musing beside a tuft of primroses or violets, or sat on some moss-covered bank, painting the wings of a butterfly—one of her favourite amusements, and an art which she excelled in.

Christalina had all that a fairy could desire, but still there were moments when she was not happy. One wish she could not gratify. She had an absorbing desire to dress like a mortal fashionable beauty. Alas! the vanity of fairy wishes.

CHAPTER II.

HER SUITOR

ALL male fairyland was, of course, in love with Christalina, though she didn't care a little bit for any of them. But the queerest thing of all was that the horrid ugly Old Frog of Black Pool was terribly smitten. Of course he ought to have known that he could never mate with a fairy, and, above all, with Christalina, because she wouldn't have him, and told him so on several occasions.

"You nasty slimy thing," she remarked at their last interview, "why, you haven't *got* a heart." Which was strictly true.

Yet, heartless as he was, he loved her madly. There are many human frogs.

"Besides," she continued, "you are mortal—that is, you are visible to mortal eyes, except when you dive beneath your dirty Black Pool, and even then you can't disappear for long. Why, you can't even fly like me." And away she flew like anything, leaving the Frog croaking with despair.

"So," he muttered, "I'm not fly enough for her, ain't I?" Here he snapped up a large Bluebottle who had lit on a leaf beside him. "You were not fly enough for *me*, my friend," he thought to himself. Then, making some audible and atrocious remark about his "native header," he dived headforemost into the Black Pool.

CHAPTER III.

HER TEMPTER.

THE sun was just after taking a rise out of the clouds in the east, and Christalina was reclining beneath a birch, when, suddenly looking up, she saw a Magpie sitting on a branch and gazing upon her with a pair of wicked bright eyes.

"Good morning, pretty fairy," said the Magpie.

"Good morning," returned Christalina.

"Lovely weather," remarked the Magpie, hopping down closer to her.

"Charming," answered Christalina.

"What were you thinking of just now?" asked the Magpie.

"I was thinking of a dress," answered the truthful fairy.

"Ah! that's most disdressing," exclaimed the Magpie with a chuckle.

"Why most distressing?" she inquired.

"Because you cannot have one," answered the Magpie with another chuckle.

"I can have what I like," said Christalina hotly. "I am a fairy."

"Right you are," said the Magpie; "but fairies don't wear dresses."

"No; but they would if *I* led the fashion," answered the fairy proudly.

"But who would make the dresses?"

"Oh, we could get some of the goblins to make them. They make beautiful tapestry, you know."

"I'm afraid they would be only sew-sew at dress-making," said the Magpie. "Now what would you say if I were to get you a beautiful costume, eh?"

"Oh!" cried Christalina, jumping up, "I'd say you were the most beautiful Magpie in the world. And will you do it?"

"Like a bird," answered the Magpie; and away he flew.

CHAPTER IV.

HER COSTUME.

THE Glen in which the fairies dwelt was owned by a mortal named Lord Broadlands, whose Castle was situated on a hill which overlooked the country for miles round. The fairies had dwelt for centuries in the Glen, and the Broadlands had dwelt for centuries in the Castle. The fairies had never paid any rent, and the Broadlands had never expected any from them; in fact, had never even seen any of them, though they knew quite well that their little tenants were all there, and took great pride in the matter. Indeed, the present Lord Broadlands was always pointing out the Fairy Glen to his visitors, from his drawing-room windows.

He had an only daughter, Lucy, aged eleven, whose sole companions were a Skye terrier named Punch, and a blue-eyed flaxen-haired doll. Now it happened that the very morning on which the conversation recorded in the last chapter took place, Lucy, Punch, and the doll were altogether seated on the lawn in front of the Castle. Lucy was dressing her doll, and was just going to put on a lovely costume—cream-coloured something or other—when a large Butterfly went gambolling by. Lucy left Dolly's costume on the grass, while she and Punch

chased the Butterfly, when, what do you think, but down swooped the Magpie, and away he flew with the doll's costume in his beak, while Punch ran barking after him like mad, leaving Lucy gazing after both, with a far-away look of mild astonishment in her hazel eyes.

CHAPTER V.

HER FALL.

THE Magpie could, of course, fly quicker (handicapped and all as he was with the costume), than Punch could run, so he soon out-distanced him, and was safe in the heart of the Glen. He knew very well where to find Christalina, and accordingly found her there—by the side of a running brook, admiring her reflection in the water, while singing in a low, but exquisitely sweet voice. And this was the song she sang:—

"A KINGFISHER dwelt in the stump of a tree,
And it grew by the bank of a river;
He courted a Curlew who came from the sea—
From the home of the breeze
That sighs through the trees,
And makes the tall bull-rushes quiver.

"And he said, 'Pretty Curlew, will you dwell with me,
In my home by the bank of the river?
It's twenty times nicer than down by the sea—
By the home of the breeze
Which compels me to sneeze,
And make the tall fly-flowers shiver.'

"And the Curlew replied, 'If you really love *me*,
You must leave your old home by the river.'
But to this the young Kingfisher wouldn't agree.
So the Curlew said, 'Please,
I will dwell with the breeze,'
And he vowed he would never forgive her."

"Here you are, pretty Fairy!" said the Magpie, dropping the costume at her feet, and then hopping on to a bough of a beech tree.

"Oh! what a dear delightful duck of a dress!" she exclaimed with rapture; and then lost no time in donning it. It fitted her neat figure like a glove.

"Now to astonish the Court!" she exclaimed. "Good-bye for the present, and thank you very much——"

"For the present, also," cut in the Magpie.

"Christalina prepared to fly off, but alas! found she could not, the costume covered her wings.

"You can't fly in that, you know," explained the Magpie; "it's a walking costume."

"Oh! well, never mind, I will have it altered to-morrow," she said, walking in the direction of the Court. But she could not get on very fast! her skirts caught in briars and brambles, and once or twice she stumbled over a beech nut. But after a great deal of bother she at length reached the Court. And wasn't there a commotion on her appearance!

"Where did you get it, dear?" "Oh, you do look a fright, dear!" "The colours don't suit you a bit, dear!" were the exclamations on all sides. Then the Fairy Queen rose and spoke.

"Christalina," she said in icy tones, "pray do not again appear in the presence of your Queen in that attire. You ought to know that it is not etiquette." What reply Christalina would have made will never be known, for at that moment Punch suddenly appeared on the scene. Now Punch being a domesticated animal, could not see the fairies, but *he could see the costume!* So when Christalina tried to run away, he only saw the costume bobbing about, and, thinking it was some new sort of animal, he ran after it, caught it up in his mouth, and made for home as fast as his legs could carry him.

CHAPTER VI.

HER FATE.

ILL-FATED Christalina! You may be sure her thoughts were not Happy Thoughts when she felt herself within the jaws of Punch. There was no chance of effecting her escape, for the instant she struggled to get out of the costume, the dog closed his teeth the tighter.

Anon he struck on to the bank of the river that fed the Black Pool, which spot he soon reached. Now, who should be sitting on the edge of the Pool but the ugly Old Frog. Seeing Punch running up, he dived into the water. Punch hearing the splash, and thinking it was a Rat, jumped right in after him. In his excitement he let go Christalina, and then, after swimming to the other side of the pool, got out, shook himself, rolled on the grass, and then trotted homewards, as if nothing unusual had occurred. It is a sort of way dogs have.

Christalina continued to float on the surface of the Pool, perfectly helpless, and the Frog seeing her, quickly swam towards her.

"Oh, save me! save me!" she cried.

(N.B.—Fairies cannot swim.)

"Promise to marry me," said the Frog.

"Never!" cried Christalina.

"Then go to the bottom," cried the Frog, mad with rage.

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed Christalina. "I'll do anything, only——"

Here a large Pike, with one swift dart, gobbled up the Frog.

Christalina's costume grew heavier and heavier with the water, and at last she sank slowly to the bottom. There a good-natured Water-sprite, seeing her fairy life ebbing away, changed her into a water-lily. And if ever you visit the Black Pool, look out for the prettiest water-lily floating on its surface, and that will be Christalina.

THE FAIRY FROM FRANCE

CHAPTER I.

THE RECEPTION.

THE young Lord Lovelock had returned from France. He had been absent for two long years in consequence of an exceedingly jolly row with his father. The old lord, on receiving his title, became a Tory of the deepest dye, and he suddenly discovered with indignation, that his son, on returning from Birmingham—whither he went to purchase screws for his yacht—had contracted tendencies of an extremely Radical nature. Hence the row. But the old lord now slept with his ancestors—he had gone over to the majority (a constant practice with him in his old Parliamentary days)—and Lovelock the younger was lord of the soil.

On the night of his return, the Fairy Queen of Lovelock Wood held a reception, to which every fairy of any note in the county was invited. It was rather late when the head goblin

announced the Nymph of Lovelock Lake. She was accompanied by a dark-eyed little fairy of surprising beauty, whom she presented as "Ouidaoui, my niece from France."

How all the fairy beaux pressed for an introduction!

And how all the fairy belles said she gave herself "airs," and that they didn't want to pass remarks, but they were sure she "smoked" her eyes! Poor little Ouidaoui seemed glad when it was time to go. She did not like being either mobbed or talked about.

"Remarkably interesting specimen, my mistress's niece," observed the Old Grey Owl, as he sat with the other servants on the branch of an oak tree. "Averages very much above the average—very much indeed." He was about to treat his companions to some further remarks when one of the goblins below called out, "Nymph of Lovelock Lake's Owl," and in another moment he was bearing his mistress and her niece away through the moonlight.

"The reception has been a great success," said the Spirit of the Weir to the Fairy Queen, as she waited while her Bat was being summoned by a goblin.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Fairy Queen. "But I was rather annoyed at the want of etiquette displayed by the Nymph of Lovelock Lake in arriving so late."

"Yes," said the Spirit, "she gives herself *such* airs, and her grandfather was only a goblin—a mere goblin, my dear."

Here the Bat arrived, and away went the Spirit of the Weir on his back at the rate of ten miles an hour, which is reckoned very good travelling by night.

CHAPTER II.

A FUNNY MORTAL.

THE sun, after a long day's journey, was going to bed in the West, and Lovelock Wood was slowly wrapping itself up in its own dark shadows. Here and there a wandering sunbeam stole through the trees, and falling on the mossy carpet, made it appear as if on fire. Ouidaoui was sitting beside one of those stray sunbeams, sadly musing, when suddenly she observed a Mortal reclining beneath an oak tree. He was the funniest looking mortal she had ever seen—and there *are* some funny looking mortals to be seen! His costume consisted of a green swallow-tail coat (in rags), a red waistcoat, a brimless hat without a crown, buff knickerbockers, grey stockings, and dancing shoes. Ouidaoui was really very much surprised at the whole arrangement, but her surprise was heightened to amazement when the Mortal looked at her, and, with a merry smile, observed,—

"Long life to me purty colleen, an' the top iv the mornin' —I mane the cool iv the evenin' to you."

"Why, how do you see me?" asked the Fairy, fairly bewildered.

"Faix, aisey enough; wid me eyes, av coorse," replied the Mortal.

"Yes; but I don't quite understand," said Ouidaoui. "You are a mortal—I am a fairy. Mortals cannot see fairies."

"Ah, look at that now," cried the Mortal. "Why, shure don't you know that I'm a Stage Irishman? An' Stage Irishmen can see iverything—even fairies."

"I never knew that before," said Ouidaoui. "There are no Stage Irishmen in France."

"Arrah! thin that's mighty quare!" exclaimed the Mortal, "for we've got plenty iv Stage Frinchmin here. An' be the same token, wan Stage Irishmen can bate twinty Stage Frinchmin any day; hooroo!"

"Pardon me," said the Fairy; "I did not quite catch your last remark."

"I said hooroo! and I mane it too," replied the Stage Irishman. "An' look here, me purty colleen—more power to your coal-black eyes, the light iv which could burn me heart to cinders, an' light me pipe into the bargin—look here, alanna, if ever you want a friend, call on Mr. O'Daley; rimimber, on no wan else only Mr. O'Daley." Here he rose, threw his stick up in the air, caught it between his fingers, twirled it around his head, executed a brief terpsichorean movement, and retired.

* * * * * * *

There is a ball at Lovelock Hall. The belle of the county looks lovelier than ever as she leans on the arm of Lord Lovelock. Everyone says they look a magnificent couple. One pair of coal-black eyes watches them, unseen. One fairy face grows whiter. Alas! in her own native forest she saw him and loved him. When he crossed the sea, she followed. There is a love that chains one to its object; and fairies have hearts—hearts that can break.

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE WHITE ROSE.

THE joybells echoed through Lovelock Wood, for the young lord was going to be married to the belle of the county. Ouidaoui was wandering beneath the trees, and wishing the sound of the bells would cease, when suddenly she heard the Stage Irishman singing. And this was his song:—

"I COME from beyant the blue say,
From the land of the mystic Begorra!
Where the rackin-rent lord iv to-day,
Is the lackin-rent lord iv to-morroa.

"Thin, hooroo for ould Ireland so green!
The home iv bould Mr. O'Daley,
Who will fight for his country an' Queen
With his illigent sprig iv shillaly."

Ouidaoui followed the sound, and soon came upon the Mortal sitting on a fallen tree.

"Arrah! more power acushla," he said, rising and doffing his

hat. "Shure it's Mr. O'Daley himself that's glad to see you. I suppose you're goin' to see the weddin', and give a fairy wish to the bride, long life to her."

Ouidaoui stood silent for a moment, and then spoke:

"You said that if ever I wanted a friend, I might call on you."

"Thrue, for you, and I'm ready whin you want me," cried Mr. O'Daley.

"Well, I want you to do something for me—something very particular."

"Faith, thin just tell me what it is, and I will do it in three shivers iv a duck's tail."

"But will you promise me faithfully you will do what I ask you?" And little Ouidaoui looked up pleadingly at the big, tall Mortal.

"Indeed I do, alanna," he replied; "and may I niver have an hour's luck again if I don't."

"Well, I want you to present a rose to—to——"

"The bride," said Mr. O'Daley, seeing her hesitate.

"No," she said quickly; and then, after a pause, "to the bridegroom, with a fairy's love. You promise?"

"Faithfully, me beautiful creature," replied Mr. O'Daley, "but where is the rose?"

And ere he had finished the word Ouidaoui changed into a lovely white rose at his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROSE WITHERS.

"Ah, look at that, now!" exclaimed the Stage Irishman. Then he reverently picked up the rose. "Ah, look at that, now!" he repeated. "Changed herself into a rose all iv a suddent. Well, thim fairies is curious things, anyhow." And away he went towards the church. Just as he reached it the bride and bridegroom were coming out. He made his way through the crowd and approached them.

"Long life to you, me lord, an' a happy wife to you; an' the same to you, ma'am, an' plinty of them," he said, turning to the blushing bride.

"Thanks, my good man," answered his lordship.

"Maybe you'd be after acceptin' a little prisint from Fairyland," said the Stage Irishman.

"From Fairyland!" exclaimed the bride in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," continued the Stage Irishman, "this little white rose was sint by as purty a little fairy as iver you set eyes on. She tould me to give it to his lordship wid her love."

"Ha! ha! you have a fairy rival, dear," laughed Lord Love-

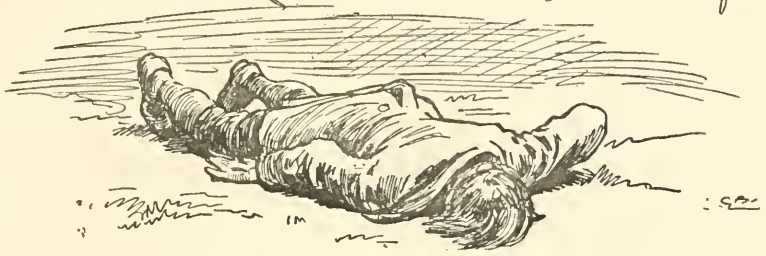
lock, and taking the rose, he said, "Here do I salute the fairy offering." And as he kissed the flower it immediately changed into a deep crimson.

"Why, see, dear!" exclaimed the bride, "the rose has changed colour. Let me look at it."

Wondering the while, her husband handed her the rose, but the instant her fingers touched it its leaves all fell in a crimson shower at her feet.

SHAUN MURRAY'S CHALLENGE

SHAUN MURRAY'S CHALLENGE



READER, have you ever been in Dalkey, on the Dublin coast? If not, go there as soon as you possibly can—if not sooner—because it is a very pretty place indeed. You can reach it from Dublin, by train, in half an hour, and can then wander all over Sorento, or bathe in the Sound, or pick cockles along the shelly beach of Killiney Bay, or gather poppies by the Bray Road, or do anything else you please.

Once upon a time—and a very good time it was—there lived in Dalkey a fisherman named Shaun Murray, and he had a sweetheart named Honor Kelly. Shaun used to catch codfish and conger-eels in Dublin Bay, and Honor knitted stockings at home

with her mother, who sold sugar-sticks and lollypops (out of pickle-bottles), besides spools of cotton for sewing-machines. She was also a newsagent on a limited scale, and you were always quite sure of getting any paper but the one you wanted at her little shop, which was not more than within a hundred yards of the post-office in Dalkey village. Well, it so happened that Shaun and Honor had some hot words on Christmas Eve, over a matter not altogether unconnected with a certain pretty housemaid who lived in a snowy-white villa in Vico (which is one end of Dalkey). They parted in anger, and Shaun entered a tavern just at the turn of the road which leads to the little Coolamore Harbour. After about half an hour or so he came out and walked towards the harbour.

"Faith, thin, I'm not goin' to stand any iv her nonsence," he remarked to himself, "jist becase I kissed another girl for fun."

When he reached Coolamore Harbour the tide was at its height, and the moon, slowly rising, cast a silvery path, miles in length, over the crested waves. Shaun sat down on a little plot of grass and commenced thinking of one thing and another, when suddenly he heard the laughter of tiny voices. He arose, and, looking over the harbour-wall, beheld in the moonlight a number of little objects, about two feet high, laughing and chatting as they played about the landing-steps—now jumping into the water, now jumping out again. At length one of them cried—"Bokerro, Bokerro, Bokerro! It's time to begin, it's time to begin, it's time to begin!"

Up the steps they scampered, and springing over the wall—which saved them the trouble of walking up the path—they all landed on the grass plot, not a dozen yards from Shaun, who

crouched down low. They numbered thirteen in all, and were dressed alike, in shiny scales, just like harlequins. Their heads and faces had a sort of resemblance to those of the codfish, and their feet were like the claws of Dublin prawns. Their hands were formed just like Shaun's, only they were six times smaller and ten times whiter than his.

"Now, Bokerro, Bokerro, Bokerro!" cried one of the number, who seemed to be the chief, for he wore on his breast a starfish. The moment he cried "Bokerro" the third time, away they all scampered towards the top of the Coolamore Road, their scaly forms looking like a scudding cloud of silver in the moonlight, and the clatter of their prawn-like feet faintly echoing throughout Killiney Hill.

"Well, begorra, that bangs Bannagher!" cried Shaun, fairly astonished. "What sort iv things is thim things, I wonder? Th' look like fishes, but shure they can't be fishes, whin th' talk like Christians. I wonder where the mischief th'r gone to now."

Suddenly he heard the clatter of their feet again, and then he saw the silver cloud coming swiftly down the road. On they came, and galloped past where Shaun lay, the one with the starfish leading. Just as they passed the grass plot they drew up.

"I'm first, I'm first, I'm first!" cried the one with the starfish. "I'm king, I'm king, I'm king."

"Try again, try again, try again!" shouted all the others.

"Bokerro, Bokerro, Bokerro!" cried the King, and away they all started up the road again.

"I wonder what th'r runnin' races for?" muttered Shaun. "Maybe it's just for divarshon. I'd bet any one a shillin' I'd bate any wan iv thim at runnin'." But as there was nobody present to

accept the wager, it was off. Soon the clatter of their feet echoed all over old Killiney, and down the steep road came the thirteen runners, the one with the starfish winning as before.

"First again, first again, first again!" he cried. "I'm king, I'm king, I'm king!"

"Try, try, try again!" shouted all the others. Once more did the King cry "Bokerro" three times, and off they started to the starting-post for the third time.

"Well, I never seen such goin's on in Dalkey afore," exclaimed Shaun. "With th'r 'Bokerro, Bokerro'—I wonder what *that* manes?"

Down the road they came again, the one with the starfish winning any way he liked, and the rest in a cluster behind.

"First again, first again, first again!" cried the winner. This continual boasting on the little fellow's part seemed to annoy Shaun a good deal, for suddenly standing up he cried:

"Arrah! I'd bate the whole lot iv ye runnin'."

At the sound of his voice they all jumped three feet from the ground, and landed close beside him. The one with the starfish, who's eyes blazed red, peered into his face.

"Ho, ho! Shaun Murray the fisherman," he cried. "Is it you who dares challenge the King of the Keerogeens?"

"The King iv the *what?*" asked Shaun.

"The King of the Keerogeens," repeated the one with the starfish.

"Yis," answered Shaun, boldly. "I don't care if you wor the Lord Liftinent himself, I'll run you a race, an' bate you into the bargin!"

"Ho, ho, then!" exclaimed the King. "Come along, come

along, come along, Shaun Murray the fisherman." And away he scampered up the road.

"All right, me boyo!" answered Shaun, "I'm after you." And he trotted up the road, leaving the twelve Keerogeens sitting along the harbour wall. When he got to the top of the road, there sat the King on one of the stone posts which stood across the passage leading into Sorento. Shaun could see the blazing red eyes long ere he came up to him.

"Here I am, me boyo," said the fisherman.

The King of the Keerogeens silently got down from the top of the post and took his place beside him.

"Now," said Shaun, "whin I say 'away,' off we go. D'you mind?"

The King nodded his head, and then Shaun cried, "Wan, two, three, an' away!"

Off they started, Shaun leading, but the King close at his heels, until they came within sixty yards of home, when the King, without the slightest effort, shot past the fisherman, reached the winning post, and was seated on the harbour wall by the time his opponent came galloping up. A loud shout of laughter announced his defeat, and when about to pull up he found he could not! His legs would not stop running, and as he left the harbour behind him he heard a voice call out, "Who kissed the pretty housemaid?" But he could not stop to answer, and was soon on the road to Bullock, and from thence right along towards Sandy Cove, and then full speed through George's Street, Kingstown, where a casual policeman tried to stop him, but on finding his efforts unavailing contented himself by calling out, "Who kissed the pretty housemaid?" Oh! how

tired and weary and parched did poor Shaun feel. But the more fagged he got the faster did his legs seem to move. He made mighty efforts to stop himself, but they were useless. Did you ever run swiftly down a hill, and then try to stop yourself in the middle of it? Well, that's how Shaun felt. Soon he was bounding along the Blackrock Road, the village itself being got through in a wink, and on he went towards Monkstown, and from Monkstown on to Booterstown. When a little way beyond that highly respectable watering-place, the breathless runner heard a voice cry, "Turn to the left, Shaun Murray the fisherman," and immediately his legs turned up a road towards the distant mountains. Away past houses, gardens, lawns, orchards, meadows, and then the open country, looking more open than ever in the moonlight. Shaun could take note of nothing further in the way of scenery, for his head sank on his chest with exhaustion. And oh! the maddening thirst. Gallop, gallop, gallop, kept the legs up hill and down dale, until at last a voice cried, "Who kissed the pretty housemaid?" and raising his weary head Shaun beheld Dalkey away down at his feet. On went the legs down the Killiney Road, along by the railway and Sorento, through the stone posts at the top of the Coolamore Road, down the road full speed, until at length he fell fainting on the grassplot beside the harbour wall.

When he came to himself, choking with thirst, and with legs and body stiff and sore, Honor was bending over him.

"Oh! Shaun," she exclaimed, "your mother has been frettin' about you all night long. Where have you been? the moon has gone down, an' it's past two o'clock."

"Och! Honor, don't talk to me at all," said Shaun. "But help me to rise, fur I'm kilt intirely."

"Kilt! arra how?" asked Honor, assisting him to his legs.

And as he took his sweetheart's arm and moved homewards he told the whole story of his race with the King of the Keerogeens. Honor was very much surprised you may be sure. When they reached Mrs. Murray's door, which was two doors from Mrs. Kelly's shop, Shaun had a good drink of buttermilk, and then Honor told him to go to bed and have a good sleep.

"And we'll never quarrel any more?" said he.

"Never!" said she. "An' you'll never kiss any iv them stuck-up housemaids any more, Shaun?"

"Faith, me darlint, you may take your dying oath on *that* point?" answered the fisherman. And he kept his word. Soon they were married, and lived happily ever afterwards.

And now, in conclusion, I would advise you, when you go to Dalkey, to take a walk down towards the little harbour—it is quite as large as a footbath—where you will see a lot of fishermen baiting their hooks. Step up to the first of them you come to, and he will be only too happy to point out the harbour steps, on which Shaun Murray first saw the Keerogeens playing.

OTHELLO THE SECOND

A BURLETTA IN TWO ACTS

Introduction to Burletta.

The following Burletta was written for the purpose of supplying a Long Felt Want. (N.B. The last phrase is copyright.) Dozens of *plays* have been written and published for the use of amateurs, but I believe this is the first time a Burletta has been published for that purpose. Being a musical piece, it is of course "accompanied by Music." It can be performed either by the little ones, or by the elder folks. Better still, to have the chief characters performed by the elders, and the minor parts by the children. All directions as to costumes, stage "business," etc., will be found in black and white.

Don't forget to have footlights. Six "carriage lamp" candles stuck in six tin reflectors nailed to a board will do. They — the footlights — will prove a brilliant success.

Othello the Second

A Burletta in Two Acts

CHARACTERS.

Othello. *(Otherwise Sammy the Black. A Street Nigger who commits Matrimony, and gets committed.)*

Iamago. *(A Hurdy-Gurdiest from the Sunny South.)*

Ratherigo. *(A Regular Masher.)*

Lord Mayor. *(The Mayor the Merrier.)*

Barbanter. *(A City Father.)*

Dearmona. *(His Daughter.)*

Milli. *(Her Maid of No Work.)*

Jailer, Councillors, *and* Policemen.

Place.—*Any Place you like.* Time.—*Any Time you like.*

COSTUMES.

FIRST ACT.

OTHELLO. *Chessboard Trousers, Blue Swallow-tail Coat, Black Waistcoat Displaying Elaborate Shirt-front, Ordinary Boots, Tall White Hat, Enormous "Milton" Collar, and Cuffs.*

IAMAGO. *Costume à la Operatic Brigand, very ragged. He carries hurdy-gurdy slung from his shoulders.*

RATHERIGO. *Costume à la Modern Masher.*

LORD MAYOR. *Ordinary Dress, covered with long Red Cloak. Chain of Office.*

BARBANTER. *Ditto, minus Chain.*

COUNCILLORS. *Ditto, Ditto.*

DEARMONA. *Costume most becoming to her.*

MILLI. *Ditto, Ditto.*

POLICEMEN. *Ordinary police uniform.*

SECOND ACT.

DEARMONA *and* MILLI *wear Bonnets or Hats, and light-coloured Mantles.* MALE CHARACTERS *as in First Act.*

OTHELLO THE SECOND

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Stage represents Council Chamber, high chair at back, row of chairs down each side Entrance at back to right of high chair.*

[*Enter* IAMAGO.]

IAMAGO. Kind friends, pray note—I am a desperate man!
To tell oh, of Othello is my plan.

I hate him worse than poison! You'll ask why.
Because he's black and barefaced, deep and sly;
A nigger minstrel of a jetty hue,
Who's father's father lived in Timbuctoo.
Before this hated rival did appear,
I was the ladies' darling, far and near.
They called me "dear!" but now they hold me *cheap*.
It's quite enough to make a fellow weep.
Of hurdy-gurdiests the once bright flower
Has turned *seedy*. And my heart is sour
And vexed, and maddened by this black-a-moor.
No matter. Some sweet vengeance, swift and sure,
I will concoct—I must, I can.
He's crossed my path—and I'm a desperate man!

[*Enter* RATHERIGO.]

RATHERIGO. Honest Iamago! have you heard the news?

IAMAGO. Oh! do not bother! I am in the blues.

RATHERIGO. Ah! Police, or Horse Guards?

IAMAGO. Rubbish! I mean, all's up with me.

RATHERIGO. All's up? Oh! you're somewhat *down*, I see.
It's ditto here. My dearest hopes are blighted:
Othello and Dearmona are united.

IAMAGO. *(Starting.)* What!

RATHERIGO. Upon my word it's true.
I am cut out, and by a nigger too!
To think the daughter of a merchant prince
Would even the bare shadow of a love evince
For one so common—black as pot or pan!

IAMAGO. Young Masher, list! I am a desperate man——

RATHERIGO. Yes, so I've heard you say.

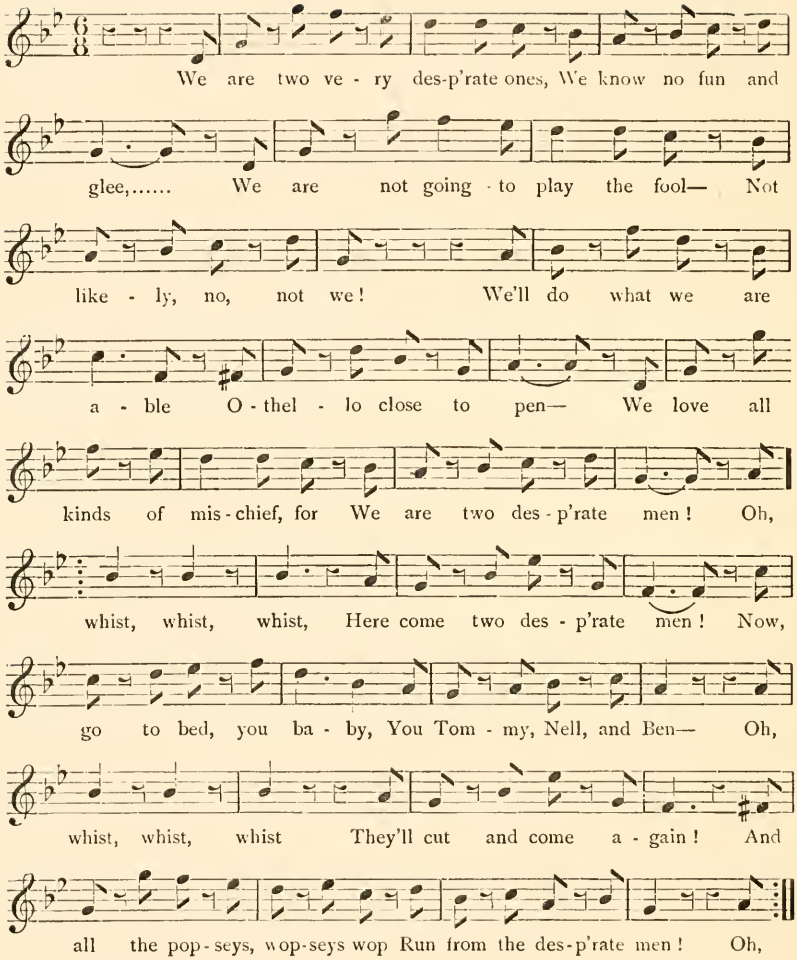
IAMAGO. And a desperate game I now am going to play.
Of course this match has been a runaway?

RATHERIGO. Yes; this morning, after breakfast-time, they fled,
And by eleven they were safely wed.
I hastened here to tell her father all,
Thinking to find him in this Council Hall.

IAMAGO. He will be here anon. Revenge! Ha! ha!
I have him now! He's in my power! Ta, ta. (*Going.*)

RATHERIGO. Stop! Wait a moment! Your vengeance I must share:
Though how it's to be done I'm not aware.

IAMAGO. Listen. We'll follow in the villain's track,
Seize him, and to the father bring him back.
He'll lock him up in durance vile.

RATHERIGO. You bet!
And now suppose we have a soft duet. (*Both sing.*)

We are two ve - ry des-p'rate ones, We know no fun and
glee,..... We are not going to play the fool— Not
like - ly, no, not we! We'll do what we are
a - ble O - thel - lo close to pen— We love all
kinds of mis - chief, for We are two des - p'rate men! Oh,
whist, whist, whist, Here come two des - p'rate men! Now,
go to bed, you ba - by, You Tom - my, Nell, and Ben— Oh,
whist, whist, whist They'll cut and come a - gain! And
all the pop - seys, wop-seys wop Run from the des-p'rate men! Oh,

[*Both steal off to music. Enter* COUNCILLORS, *including* BARBANTER. *They range each side of stage. Chorus, during which* LORD MAYOR *enters, and takes his seat on high chair at back. Air—Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust."*]

HAIL! hail! all hail to our great Lord Mayor!
He is a credit to yonder chair.
He is a jolly good chap we swear—
Hail the Lord Mayor! hail the Lord Mayor!
Hail, hail the Lord Mayor! (*All sit.*)

LORD MAYOR. Thanks, thanks, good friends, for your kindly greeting.
And now for the minutes of our morning's meeting.
(*Procducing papers.*) The block in Cheapside each succeeding day,
By cabs and hansoms, must be swept away.

BARBANTER. (*Rising.*) I rise to order.

LORD MAYOR. Well, what's the row?

BARBANTER. Will your lordship condescend to tell us how
You're going to clear the block. Our City force
Are drafted to Trafalgar Square.

LORD MAYOR. Of course.
But such inconveniences we can avoid,
By employing some of the very unemployed

BARBANTER. All right. And, when they sweep the blocks away,
Perhaps they'll turn and sweep the mud some day.
(*Seating.*)

LORD MAYOR. But where's the mud to go?

BARBANTER. Why, down some sewer.

LORD MAYOR. Oh, do not waste it! Give it to the poor.

(*Enter* RATHERIGO.)

RATHERIGO. My lord! my lord!

LORD MAYOR. Now, what's the matter?

RATHERIGO. I wish to know, your lordship, who's your hatter——
No, no, I mean, if there is here
One called Barbanter?

BARBANTER. (*Rising.*) I appear.

RATHERIGO. Good sir, I'm sorry it should come to pass:
Your daughter, Miss Dearmona, is, alas!——

BARBANTER. Yes, of course she is *a lass.*

LORD MAYOR. Well, let that pass.

RATHERIGO. Your daughter has vamoosed.

ALL. Eh?

RATHERIGO. Skiddadled.

ALL. (*Rising.*) Ah!

RATHERIGO. Made tracks.

ALL. (*Falling into seats.*) Oh!

RATHERIGO. With one of the most unmitigated blacks—
A comic vocalist.

LORD MAYOR. That's very low.

RATHERIGO. They wed this morning

BARBANTER. Oh, woe, woe, woe!
Excuse an outraged father's bitter tears.
I have not been so moved for many years.
My child, to turn out thus, makes my heart burn.
This turn of hers has given me *quite a turn.*

LORD MAYOR. Can you tell where they're flown to?

RATHERIGO. Can I? Rather!

BARBANTER. Then soothe the sorrows of a poor old father.

RATHERIGO. One named Iamago, and myself, aware
This match was runaway, did bravely dare
The consequences of the man's arrest.
Of his location we both went in quest,
Which, when we found, we seized him then and there,
With two policemen's aid—and here they are.

[*Music—"Wedding March." Enter* OTHELLO *between* POLICEMEN, IAMAGO *following.*]

LORD MAYOR. What is your name, young fellow?

OTHELLO. My name is Norval—no, I mean Othello.
Some call me Sammy. On my native hills
My creditors in vain present their bills.

BARBANTER. Where is my daughter, villain?

OTHELLO. Oh! she's all right.

BARBANTER. My darling daughter to take to flight
With such as you—black as is my hat or boots.

OTHELLO. Yes, "I'm black, but that's no matter"

(*Sings. Air—"Cheer up, Sam."*)

I'M black, but that's no matter;
I'm honest, brave, and true;
And don't indulge in patter,
As other darkies do.
This morning I was happy
As any man in town;
But now I'm melancholy
As a third-rate Christmas clown.
And it's——

DEARMONA. (*Sings outside.*)

CHEER up, Sam,
And don't let your spirits go down,
For the wife of your heart
From you won't part,
For all the Lord Mayors in the town.

OTHELLO. 'Tis the voice of my charmer.

BARBANTER. Your charmer, thief!
Were it not that I am so weak with grief
I'd go and strike you.

IAMAGO. (*Aside.*) He'd better not.

LORD MAYOR. How comes it that this lady's cast her lot

With one of your exceeding low degree?
I know most women are a mystery,
But hang it all——

ALL. Ahem!

LORD MAYOR. I mean, I can't make out
Why one should love a nigger.

BARBANTER. I've no doubt
That 'twas with lying tales, and mystic art
He did secure my darling daughter's heart.

LORD MAYOR. Come, now, Othello, answer to the charge,
And on the simple facts do not enlarge.

OTHELLO. Ahem! Most potent, grave, and reverend sinners.

ALL. Eh?

OTHELLO. My very noble and improved skin plasters.

ALL. What?

OTHELLO. That I have stolen this old man's daughter——

LORD MAYOR. I give you "three months' hard" on bread and water.

[IAMAGO *and* RATHERIGO *shake hands for joy.* DEARMONA *rushes in, followed by* MILLI. *All rise.*]

DEARMONA. Oh! no, no, no, my dearest husband spare!

OTHELLO. My dearest wife, my own Dearmona fair. (*Embracing.*)

BARBANTER. Ho! Separate them. Quick, make them desist!

LORD MAYOR. I can't separate them, being a Liberal Unionist.

DEARMONA. Oh! dearest father, do not lock him up.

BARBANTER. That speech has overflowed my bitter cup.

OTHELLO. Pray, try and let your icy nature thaw.
Don't take the law against your son-in-law.

BARBANTER. Son-in-law! Oh! that I should be called so
By one like you! To prison let him go!

[*Music. All come to front. Chief characters in centre.*]
(*Chorus. Air—"Express Gallop."*)

Now then, now then, off to prison let him go;
That's the way, that's the way to punish such a fellow!
It will somewhat ease a poor old father's woe.
To prison then, to prison then, to prison let him go!

OTHELLO *and* DEARMONA. (*Aside.*)

Never mind, we will be happy yet;
And our sorrows we will soon forget.
Our love they can never kill, you bet!
So let them sing away.

ALL. "Now then, now then, off to prison let him go."
etc., etc.

[*During above chorus* DEARMONA *is frequently pulled away from* OTHELLO *by her father.*]

[END OF FIRST ACT.]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Stage represents a Prison Cell. Door wherever convenient.* OTHELLO *seated at small table.*

OTHELLO. At picking oakum I've been working hard;
Thy star Othello is, alas! ill-starred.
My dear Dearmona stolen from my arms,
A prey to silent sorrows and alarms.
Oh! cruel Fate, why did you not foretell
That I would be the victim of this *cell?*

[*Enter* DEARMONA *and* MILLI.]

DEARMONA. My life!

OTHELLO. My wife! (*They embrace.*)

MILLI. (*Aside.*) How beautiful! Oh, dear!
I wish there was another prisoner here!

DEARMONA. Cheer up, my husband.

OTHELLO. Oh! my weary head. (*Sits at table, with hands to*
I often wish, Dearmona, I was dead. [*head.*

DEARMONA. Oh! don't talk so.

MILLI. (*Aside.*) His head is bad, poor fellow. Perhaps he has been *doing his time on it.*

[*Enter* IAMAGO *and* RATHERIGO.]

IAMAGO. I'm a desperate man!

RATHERIGO. Well, how are you coming up?
Hilloa, my darling! (*To* MILLI.)

MILLI. (*Aside.*) Conceited little pup!
He's not bad-looking, though.

(MILLI *and* RATHERIGO *talk apart.*)

OTHELLO. I want to speak to you, Iamago.
You once held me your rival.

IAMAGO. I don't deny it.
You often have disturbed my peace and quiet,
By singing up and down the streets where I
Was won't to have the sole mo—nop—o—ly.

OTHELLO. Well, let that pass. See, here's my hand, old fellow.
Honest Iamago!

IAMAGO. Good old Othello. (*They shake hands.*)
We'll never more be enemies.

DEARMONA. No, don't.
Nor jealous of each other be.

OTHELLO. We won't.
Iamago, to you I leave all beats;
I never more will play upon the streets.

I have resolved, Dearmona, when I'm free,
To start, or float, a Monster Company.
It will be musical and operatic,
Literary, scientific, and dramatic.

IAMAGO. A good idea.

RATHERIGO. I'll join the show.
The notion's good—it's sure to be a "go."

[*Enter* JAILER.]

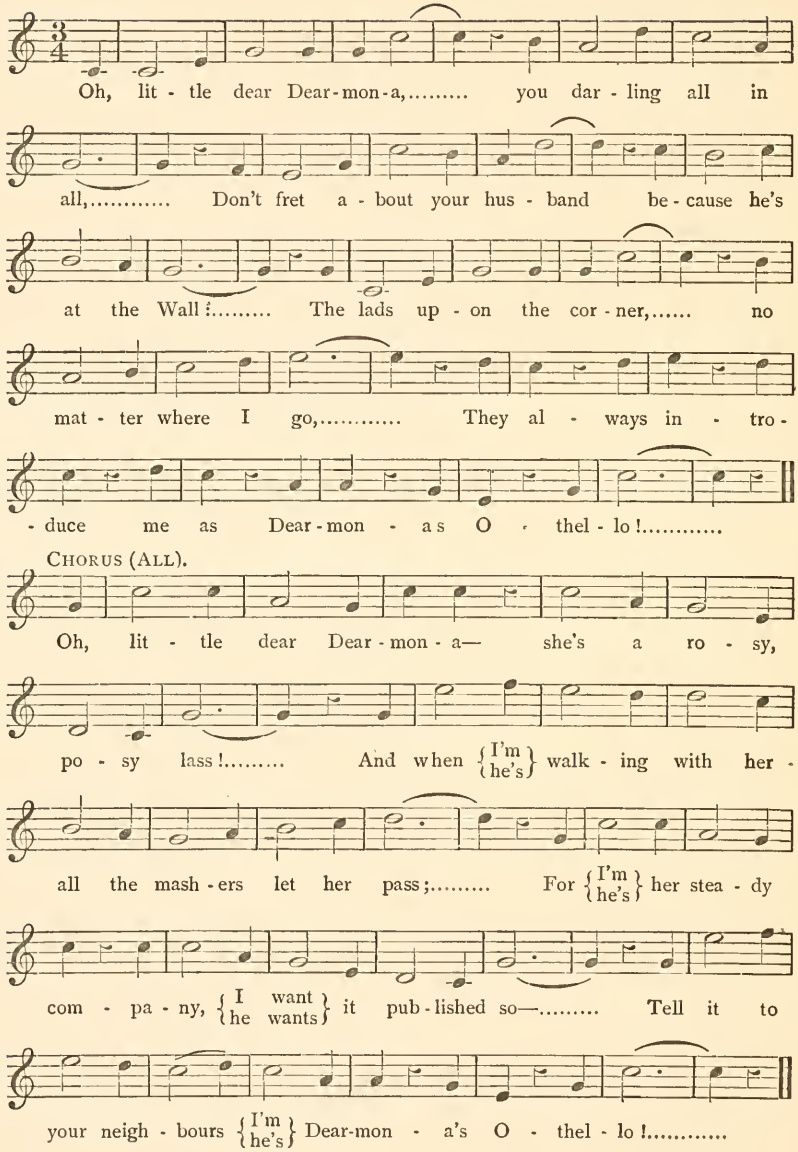
JAILER. Time's hup.

MILLI. Then take it down again.

RATHERIGO. I suppose I'd better give him half-a-crown again.
(*To* MILLI.)
Here (*gives him money*), five minutes' grace
Is all we ask for. Vanish into space. (*Exit* JAILER.)

OTHELLO. Alas! alone once more I'm going to be,
A prey to thoughts of darkest misery.

DEARMONA. Cheer up, Othello, we will do our best
To get you out.

OTHELLO. The fact must be confessed
This place is not so lively as I'd wish,
And bread and water's not a dainty dish.
Well, never mind. Good friends, my life
Is all for dear Dearmona—my sweet wife. (*Sings.*)

Oh, lit - tle dear Dear-mon-a,..... you dar - ling all in
all,..... Don't fret a - bout your hus - band be - cause he's
at the Wall!..... The lads up - on the cor - ner,..... no
mat - ter where I go,..... They al - ways in - tro -
- duce me as Dear-mon - a s O - thel - lo!.....
CHORUS (ALL).
Oh, lit - tle dear Dear - mon - a— she's a ro - sy,
po - sy lass!..... And when {I'm / he's} walk - ing with her -
all the mash - ers let her pass;..... For {I'm / he's} her stea - dy
com - pa - ny, {I want / he wants} it pub - lished so—..... Tell it to
your neigh - bours {I'm / he's} Dear-mon - a's O - thel - lo!.....

[*All dance out except* OTHELLO.]

OTHELLO. Alone once more within this gloomy hole.
How I should like to take a quiet stroll
Along the brilliant streets, and gaze around
While listening to the ever-welcome sound
Of "Fine fresh shrimps to-day!" or "Meat! Meat Meat!"
Oh Liberty! thy privilege is sweet.
In prison, caged, confined—because I'm black!
There was a time they'd place me on the rack.
Oh, could I but appear as other men—
White, brown, or sallow-hued my face—why then
Dearmona's father would be reconciled
To *me*, the husband of his only child!
My three-months' sentence would at once be squashed
If this dark colour from my face was washed.
Washed! Ah! (*starting up*). What's this that I remember?
What was it that I saw in last September
When going down to Brighton? At the station
A poster saw I, with much admiration.
It represented a young nigger boy
Who in his bath was laughing loud for joy.
Now, this nigger's face was WHITE—the black had vanished;
And the mysterious compound which had banished

All black away was—PLUM'S SOAP! That's the name:
A compound which commands a world-wide fame.
Now, could I get a cake of it, I'd try it.
Oh, if I had some one to go and buy it!

[*Enter* IAMAGO and RATHERIGO, *with bundle.*]

IAMAGO. I'm a desperate man! I've gone and bribed the jailer.

RATHERIGO. Yes, and I have been and interviewed my tailor.
This bundle here contains a suit of clothes:
I brought them in under the govenor's nose.

OTHELLO. Oh, it's not the first time that has been done.

IAMAGO. Well, hasten now and put them on, my son.
The Lord Mayor comes to view the jail to-day,
So let him see you in a choice array.
He'll think the better of you, and perhaps
Allow you books to read—like paper chaps.

OTHELLO. Now is my chance. Here, have you any cash?

IAMAGO. A jubilee half-sovereign—but it's "flash."

RATHERIGO. I've got some money.

OTHELLO. Run quickly, then—don't mope,
And purchase me a cake of Plum's famed soap.

RATHERIGO. Plum's soap. All right. I go—I fly!

OTHELLO. Make haste.

RATHERIGO. Observe my movements. (*Dances out.*)

IAMAGO. Oh, my!
Now quickly enter to the inner cell,
And I will help you to become a swell.

[*Exeunt—carrying bundle. Enter* DEARMONA *and* MILLI.]

DEARMONA. Othello! Sammy! Why, where can he be?
Perhaps at exercise!

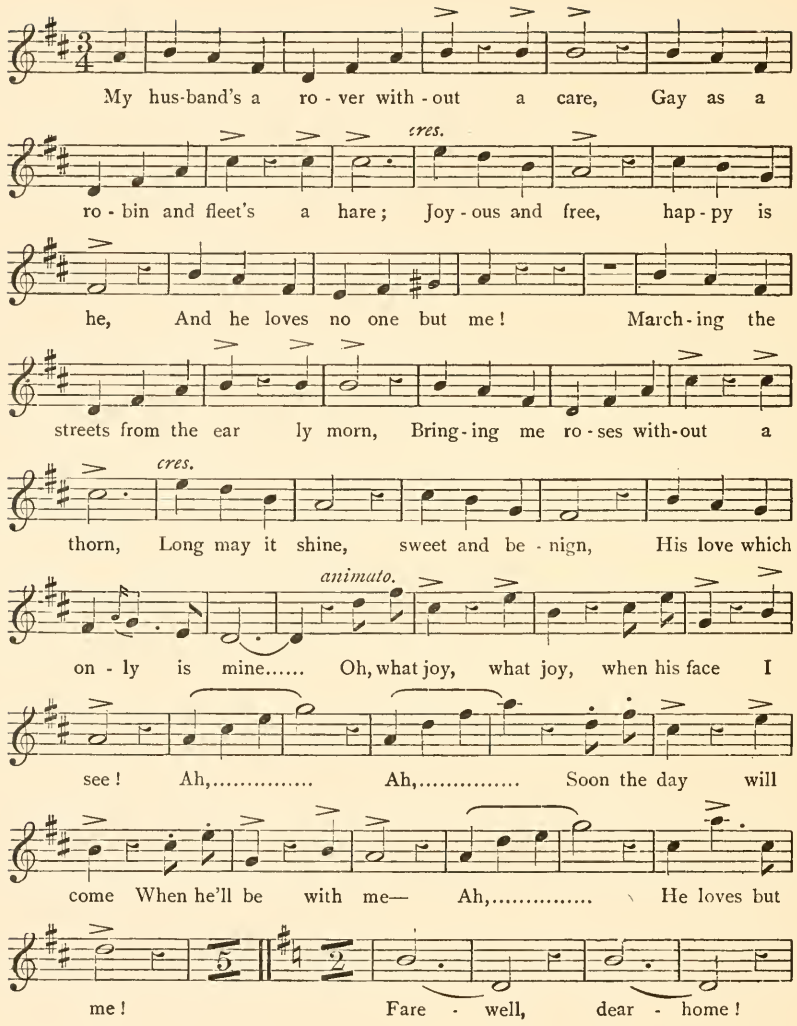
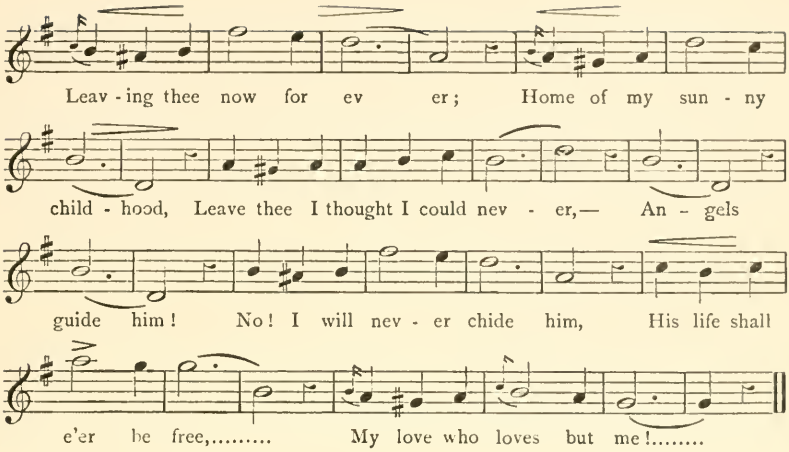
MILLI. Perhaps he's free.

DEARMONA. Alas! I fear not! Would that he were white!
And he would be a free man ere the night.
My father's chief objection to him is
His very—a—a—very——

MILLI. Sooty phiz.

DEARMONA. How dare you, Milli!

MILLI. Won't occur again.

DEARMONA. My husband, as you know, is far from plain;
In fact he's very handsome, brave, and bold.
I would not lose his love for untold gold. (*Sings.*)

My hus-band's a ro - ver with - out a care, Gay as a
cres.
ro - bin and fleet's a hare; Joy - ous and free, hap - py is
he, And he loves no one but me! March - ing the
streets from the ear ly morn, Bring - ing me ro - ses with - out a
cres.
thorn, Long may it shine, sweet and be - nign, His love which
animato.
on - ly is mine..... Oh, what joy, what joy, when his face I
see! Ah,..... Ah,..... Soon the day will
come When he'll be with me— Ah,..... He loves but
me! Fare - well, dear - home!

Leav - ing thee now for ev er; Home of my sun - ny
child - hood, Leave thee I thought I could nev - er,— An - gels
guide him! No! I will nev - er chide him, His life shall
e'er be free,..... My love who loves but me!.....

MILLI. But where can he be gone to?

DEARMONA. Not far I hope.

[*Enter* RATHERIGO.]

MILLI. Now, what's the matter?

RATHERIGO. Soap—Plum's soap. (*Shows cake of soap.*)

DEARMONA. Where is my husband?

MILLI. Speak.

RATHERIGO. In there. (*Pointing.*)
Dressing to receive the great Lord Mayor.

[*Enter* IAMAGO.]

IAMAGO. Othello's dressed, and waiting for the soap.
Come, chuck it here at once you lazy mope.

[RATHERIGO *gives him soap. He exits.*]

DEARMONA. The Lord Mayor coming! My father too!
He will come with him the jail to view.
I'll kneel and beg of them to let *him* free.
What will I say? Let me see, let me see.
(*Sits at table.*)

RATHERIGO. Give a fellow a kiss, don't you know. Will you?

MILLI. Shan't.

RATHERIGO. Promise to marry me, will you?

MILLI. Can't.

RATHERIGO. Why not? You're not engaged?

MILLI. Oh, yes, I am!

RATHERIGO. Who is the beggar?

MILLI. What, young man?

RATHERIGO. I mean, who is the gentleman?

MILLI. No gentleman. Look there!
That is my mistress seated on that chair—
To her I am engaged.

RATHERIGO. Oh, that's all right!

MILLI. You think so?

RATHERIGO. Yes.
Will you give a fellow a kiss?

MILLI Will I? Guess. (*He kisses her.*)

VOICE. (*Outside.*) Room for the Lord Mayor!

MILLI. Oh, dear, here they come!
Where will we hide?

DEARMONA. With fright I'm dumb!

VOICE. Room for the Lord Mayor!

[DEARMONA *runs into cell after* OTHELLO. MILLI *hides under table.*]

RATHERIGO. Why, what on earth is the matter?

[*Music. Enter* LORD MAYOR *and* COUNCILLORS.]

LORD MAYOR. Well, here we are! But where is this Othello?
Othello! Why, where on earth's the fellow?

BARBANTER. Perhaps the sooty rascal has escaped.

RATHERIGO. Oh, no!
He's simply changing for the final show.
Behold! he comes.

[*Music—Finale from first Act of "Faust." Enter* OTHELLO *with* DEARMONA *on his arm,* IAMAGO *following.* OTHELLO *is dressed in a fashionable suit, and his face is white.* MILLI *comes from beneath table, and stands by* RATHERIGO. *All astonished.*]

LORD MAYOR. Why, what is this?

BARBANTER. My daughter, who is he?

LORD MAYOR. And where is Othello?

OTHELLO. Pray look on me.
I am Othello, that once was black,
But washing with Plum's soap, which has the knack
Of making blackest skins both soft and white,
It changed me as you see. And now, all's right.
I'm going to turn gentleman, and see
If I can't form a Monster Company,
And open some big palace by the sea.
The gains would be enormous!

LORD MAYOR. I will join.

ALL. So will we all.

BARBANTER. I, too, will stake some coin.
Bless you, my children! May you be happy!
Such are the wishes of your dear old pappy.

RATHERIGO. (*To* MILLI.) We wed will be to-morrow.

MILLI. I agree.

IAMAGO. Your Lordship, now proclaim Othello free.

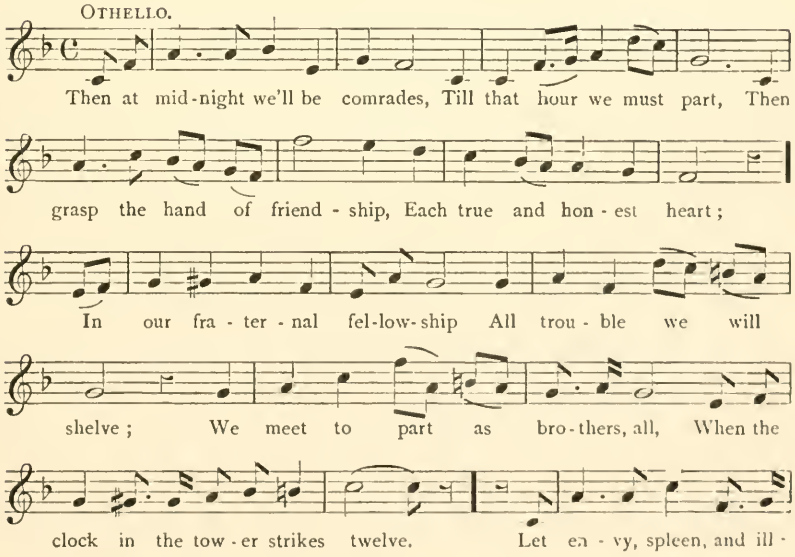
LORD MAYOR. Yes, I quite forgot that.
Othello, you are free. Put on your hat,
And go, wherever you think fit.

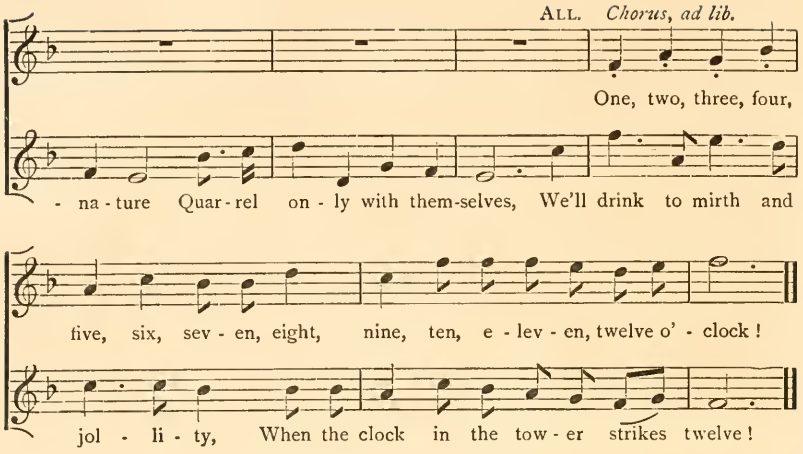
OTHELLO. Thanks! Dearmona, now together we will flit.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my sorrow!

LORD MAYOR. You'll come and lunch with me at two to-morrow.
Or stay! In honour of the day it is but right
That I should a big supper give to-night!
Say twelve o'clock.

ALL. Agreed!

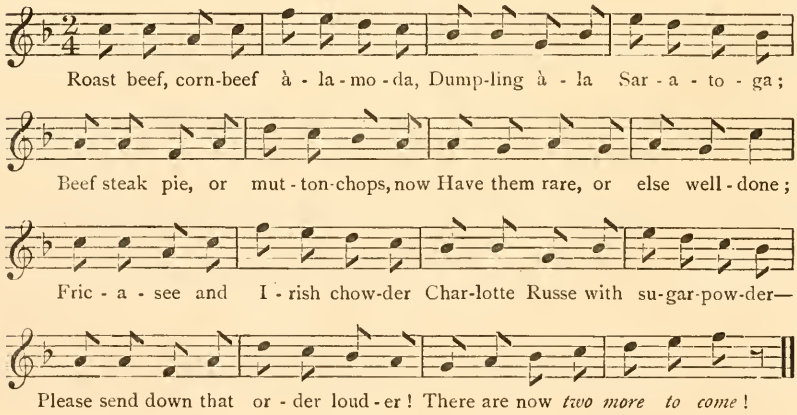
IAMAGO. (*Aside.*) Hurrah! I'm invited to a City feed!


OTHELLO.
Then at mid-night we'll be comrades, Till that hour we must part, Then
grasp the hand of friend-ship, Each true and hon-est heart;
In our fra-ter-nal fel-low-ship All trou-ble we will
shelve; We meet to part as bro-thers, all, When the
clock in the tow-er strikes twelve. Let en-vy, spleen, and ill-


ALL. *Chorus, ad lib.*
One, two, three, four,
- na - ture Quar - rel on - ly with them-selves, We'll drink to mirth and
five, six, sev - en, eight, nine, ten, e - lev - en, twelve o' - clock!
jol - li - ty, When the clock in the tow - er strikes twelve!

LORD MAYOR. And, in the language of the poet, we will have—

(*All sing.*)


Roast beef, corn-beef à - la - mo - da, Dump-ling à - la Sar - a - to - ga;
Beef steak pie, or mut - ton-chops, now Have them rare, or else well - done;
Fric - a - see and I - rish chow-der Char-lotte Russe with su-gar-pow-der—
Please send down that or - der loud - er! There are now *two more to come*!

(*All dance as the scene closes.*)

[THE END.]